



Johann Gottfried Herder

Songs of love

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I. Solomon's high song

Let him kiss me
with the kiss of his mouth:
for your love is sweeter than wine.
As the scent of your sweet ointments, so is your name
a melting balm : that is why the virgins love you.

Make me emulate you! –
We rush; me –
The king led me into his chamber.
We rejoice, we rejoice in you!
Remembering your love,
More than wine -
We love you with all our hearts.

Perhaps this sigh was sent with a languishing flower, with a fragrant morning rose;
[Fußnote: *It is known from the Montague*] [Fußnote: letters,] [Fußnote: *Hasselquist's*]
[Fußnote: *Travels* (p. 37) and] [Fußnote: *Guy's*] [Fußnote: letters] [Fußnote: that the
Orientals send such messengers and letters of love to each other in flowers .] the longing
girl smells the scent.

Even the kiss of the absent is sweet to her! you smell his ointments. Just by
mentioning his name, the air around him is balm.

This is not how she loves him alone: this is how he is loved by everyone. The
scent of his name passes over all of her playmates, “Oh, if he were to wave to me,
to me!” – And behold, she is in front of everyone. » *Zeal me! – the king has me in his
chamber.* « She rejoices, she rejoices in Him, enjoys incomparable joys.

And immediately she's back in her friends' circle. As she loves, everyone loves,
everyone shouts, talks about his hugs instead of wine and joy. All of your hearts and

souls are with him.

Can you imagine a monarch of the East who would be flattered more sweetly in his garden of love? Instead of jealousy and envy, instead of strife and unfaithfulness, everyone's voice is just one voice, every thought and heart is just one heart. [Fußnote: The condition of the women in Morgenlande is known from more than one pitiful report from the travelers: (see Hasselquist p. 126. *Thevenot et al.*) *Montesquieu* in his *Lettres persannes* wanted to portray it in the women's letters to Usbeck. Here he is completely different.] A shy little dove brings the letter and courts him, but only as her sister's messenger. Her sigh forced itself indignantly; and otherwise she always enjoys it. *You* and *he*, *I* and *we* alternate: even in the distance he is close to her, she speaks to him if she only wishes.

The voice is silent; a completely different one can be heard:

I am black and yet lovely,
you daughters of Jerusalem!
Like the tents of the Kedarenes,
like the blankets of Solomon.

Don't look at me because I'm black:
the sun burned me.
My mother's sons were angry with me:
They made me keeper of the vineyard,
and
I did not tend my vineyard.

O tell me,
whom my soul loves:
Where do you feed?
Where do you camp
at midday? -
So that I don't go like a veiled woman
to the flocks of your companions.

"And don't you know that,
most beautiful of women;
Follow the steps of the flock,
and feed your goats
by the tents of the shepherds."

How different everything is here! There fragrances and ointments, wine and pleasures, girlfriends and royal chambers; here a shepherdess in the open field, a black country girl who is the envy of the city's daughters. A child of the sun from his youth, and even now, longing as if in the heat of the noonday. Her lover is himself a shepherd who grazes among other flocks, whom she seeks, whose blanket she compares herself to, who answers her in the same tone as an unknown, shy country girl. The whole piece breathes open fields, midday rest, shepherds and country simplicity.

This is how the free innocent begins, she knows what she is and is not, challenges the white and delicate ones of the soft royal city, and, sure of the love of her lover, defies their mocking gaze.

She speaks of herself in a country parable; but as most of these parables are, versatile, true, apt. The tents of the Kedaren shepherds are black, coarse, bad, woven of camel hair, burning in the sun, like them; but nevertheless they are beautiful, "nothing is more graceful, say the travelers, than a wide plain full of these

black tents." [Fußnote: *Shaw's Travels*, p. 193.] The Kedarenes, i.e. i. the migrating shepherds, mostly in areas that they *call Rouhha* , i.e. i. call beautiful air where they have a view, and green pastures and water springs, where the heart of the thirsty Oriental wandering around is refreshed with the sight of such tents. [Fußnote: *D'Arvieux Reisen*, T. 3. P. 214. 215.] – – And finally *Solomon* also does not despise them, that he too lives under such tents; the addition gives the picture the most beautiful color. She is great in her lowliness, lovely in her blackness, beloved of *Solomon* : -

like Kedarene blankets,
like Solomonic tents.

The rest is in the same tone of innocence and country simplicity. She turns her envious women into confidants of her fate, which was harsh in her early youth. Her brothers themselves, whom she calls "her mother's sons" to show the injustice they had done to her, cast her out of her father's house. She had to be their maid, become a vineyard keeper; She was supposed to guard their belongings, and her own, only possession, the wealth that nature gave her, was mercilessly lost. How rural again is this comparison, that it calls beauty its vineyard! Her wealth is now gone, stolen from her by the gaze of the sun - -

And *then* her eyes turn from all the gaping and envious beautiful ones to the one who loves her. She longs for him Schultens [Fußnote: also translates the word בעטיה *as languishing, dwindling*: even the tone of the words in the original languishes.] , unknown and ashamed, having to wander for a long time like a lost person, asking about him in strange tides:

O tell me,
Whom my soul loves,
Where do you feed?
Where do you camp
at midday? – –

So he is a shepherd like them; only she with a few goats, and he with many shepherds and flocks. And then she gets a hint from her lover, unknown and shy, not to leave the herd, to stay in her tracks and to graze her few goats near the tents of his shepherds: then she finds him, she, the most beautiful of them all women. – Beautiful scene of shepherd innocence!

Things are completely different in the following conversation:

Like my horse in Pharaoh's chariot
, O friend, I am like you.
Your cheeks are lovely in the clasps:
your neck is beautiful in the chains.
I'll have gold chains made for you,
sprinkled with dots of silver.

and their competitive answer:

Wherever the king turned,
my nard gave fragrance!
You, my dear, should rest a little bouquet of
myrrh between my breasts!
You are a palm bud, my dear,
to me from the Engeddi garden.

The images are strange to us, but beautiful: the previous scene of shy poverty is transformed into pride and splendor. There she stands, the royal bride, like the magnificent creature of the Orient. [Fußnote: "The horse, says *Shaw* , is the property and the pride of Numidia: today Egypt stands alone in the reputation of having the best horses." See that this was already the case in Solomon's time one from 2 Chronicles 1, 16. The parable behaves itself, as it were, like a horse in the king's chariot, proud in its splendor.] the Egyptian horse in front of the royal chariot. Such is their growth, such is their beauty. She carries her neck high in the chain, her cheek stands beautifully on the clasp. The king knows nothing but new splendor, new adornment - -

Not so the beloved; that is in him, not in the decoration; in love, not in splendor. She speaks in the realm of flowers, not gold: this, even in gifts, is dead; their pictures, their monuments live from him.

Wherever he turned (or towards others, as soon as he turned to her, as long as he was at the meal with her) *there was the scent of her nard* . She felt his presence, and smelled to him and smelled more beautiful. Even far from him, he is close to her heart; *In the bouquet of myrrh* that he sent to her, *he cools her bosom* , spending the night on it, as the living symbol of her lover, even in dreams and slumber. – Finally, (and the third picture completes everything) *he is the young flower cluster from the palm grove in Engeddi* . [Fußnote: So much has been said about the Kopher grape that afterward we know nothing at all. And yet the name is still the common name in the Orient: (see Gol. p. 2048.) the shoot itself has been accurately and correctly described with love by more than one traveler; (see *Hasselquist* p. 133. 223. 224. 231. 232.) also the garden Engeddi (2 Chron. 20, 2 Chazazon-Thamar, i.e. the pruning of the palm tree, just as Engeddi itself comes from גִּדְדִּי *evulsit*) the is still known to *Josephus*, *Pilnius* and *Solinus* as a *palm grove near the palm city of Jericho*, leaves us no doubt about the beautiful meaning indicated. *Hasselquist* should not have been surprised why he could no longer find any Cyprus grapes in Engeddi, since they were never there; Nor could he have derived the Rhine grape near Hebron from King Solomon (pp. 256, 257.) since in the times of the Crusades there was probably more distance from the Rhine to Hebron than in Solomon's time. Camphor and Cyprus oil are better forgotten; Because in short, there is no need for any further guesswork here, the name and the matter are clear, and the context confirms it in the most beautiful way.] according to the sense of the East, the most beautiful image of animation, fruit and abundance.

It is known that the female palm tree is strewn and enlivened with a cluster of male flowers; or you take the male flower shoot before it breaks out and wrap it in the small branches of the female flower. In this state it is called *palm blossom copher* , i.e. i. veiled: it had to be unbroken and full of the fine, fresh, aromatic dew, which surpasses the first freshness of the dates in grace and spice. *Veiled* in the female flower , he breathes on her with fragrance and life. Can a beautiful image be found that says: "Without you my flowers are lifeless; Your breath, a delicate, young, fresh heavenly dew, makes everything in me come alive with new powers, feelings, with new creation.

And this is what the previous images *Nardus* and *Myrrh* said; and the *palm shoot* says it best. What is a youth whose most personal image can be this closed, sweet blossom of life? How tender is the love that looks at him like that, loves him like that and feels like a blossoming palm tree! And since in the Orient all this is nature, since the lovers have no more beautiful language than that of sending flowers to each other, asking each other questions and giving answers, [Fußnote: see the flower *Muscherumi* in *Hasselquist* (p. 37).] and each has its specific meaning in this dictionary of love; you overnight myrrh [Fußnote: The myrrh undoubtedly spends the night in the bush, and not as a flower; But why bother with such exhausting details for us? in a poem of love!] and you veiled palm blossom, how you surpass gold and jewels, as a souvenir of the beloved!

Oh beautiful you are, my love,
oh beautiful you are!
Your eyes doves – –

“Oh, you are beautiful, my dear,
you are also lovely,
and our bed is green.

The beams of our houses are cedar,
the walls are cypress;
And I the rose of the field,
the lily of the valley.”

“Like the lily among the thorns,
Is my friend among the daughters.”

“As an apple tree among the trees
of the forest,
so is my beloved among the sons.
In his shadow
I refresh myself
and sit down,
and his fruit
is sweet to my mouth.

He has led me
into a house of wine!
And his standard
above me
is love.

Oh strengthen me with wine!
Oh, refresh me with the apples!
'Cause I'm sick of love.
His left hand
under my head.
His right hand
embraces me.”

“I beseech you, daughters of Jerusalem,
By the hinds, by the deer, the field.
If you wake her up!
If you stir them! –
Until she likes it.

What a sweet dream of love! If I could develop her, who is so misunderstood, in her constant intoxication and flight, what a scene of paradise! –

The lover's praise of his love begins; He wants to describe her beauty, and the first feature of it, the first feature of the first description in the whole book, is – modesty and innocence. *Their eyes are like doves* . [Fußnote: For Easterners, the praise of beauty always begins with their eyes. None of her love poems are without a gazelle and its eyes. (S. d'Arvieux T. 3. P. 249.)] shy pigeons.

And it immediately proves itself as such. She interrupts his singing, she doesn't want to hear her praise.

She praises him; but only in one go. The daughter of innocence looks around, and all nature around her becomes a paradise, a palace, a bridal bed of love. The tall cedars are planted for her, as *beams of her house* of love: the evergreen cypresses are arrayed for her, eternal *walls of her house* of love; and what is *she* in this big beautiful temple?

Rose of the field!
Lily of the valley!

What modesty! what humility! God planted the cedar, the cypress "rises like a pyramid to the clouds, the greatest ornament that nature has bestowed on the region"; [Fußnote: These are *Hasselquist's* words, p. 32. 36, who also adds, "since they are so pleasant to the sight and smell in summer and winter, one can really see in them the green bones of the dead." All images of the immortal evergreen in this temple of love.] and she is the flower of the field with which nature has covered everything there, the violet, the May flower, which is lost under the feet of the wanderer. It is wrong that the connection was separated here by the chapter and that the flower of Saron was made the greatest magnificent flower; It is, even in the mouth of Christ, the image of beautiful lowliness, of lovely humility. [Fußnote: Matt. 6, 28. All travel writers report that the most beautiful flowers, tulips and anemones grow wild there and decorate valleys and fields and the foot of the hills. S. *Hasselquist* p. 34. 220. *Pocock-Schreber* T. 2. p. 8. Since Saron lay on a wide plain, no further explanation of this lovely valley anemone is needed.]

So her lover also takes the picture; but he transforms it into majesty. » *Lily*, - yes, as the *lily among the thorns*, so you among the maidens. « And she, who once again, like a violet, hides herself from praise, returns it with usury. It becomes to her a beautiful blossoming *apple tree among the wild trees* (with which the areas there are also covered) [Fußnote: S. *Hasselquist* , p. 44.] and the picture becomes to her a whole dream of love. She's sitting there the lovely tree and *refreshes itself in its wide shade*, and *lovely fruits smile above* . She *desires, enjoys*; how sweet to the mouth! how powerful! She is no longer under the tree, she is transported to a *house of wine* . [Fußnote: The words: "he led me into the house of wine!" obviously do not start a scene here, as if she were coldly telling where she was being led. Afterwards she is still under the apple tree and wants to be refreshed with apples, with the fruit of her lover. It is the same exclamation that was there in the first song, "he has led me into his room," where she was also in rapture and rejoiced. We see that Solomon particularly used the expression: *house of wine* for a *place of rapture* , of joy , in *Proverbs*. 9, 5. where wisdom even invites you into her house of wine (but not into the wine cellar!). In general, this beautiful painting has been so defaced that I wouldn't know where to start or stop if I wanted to refute it. He should lead her to the wine cellar, where the hanging sign, the sign on the inn, is the fat Cupid, where she fills herself with full bottles and wants even more and finally sleeps on apples - oh manners! O customs of the Orient! oh breeding! oh love! Did the Orientals know the fleshy Cupid? Did they paint him on the windows? the maidens, did they love such houses? and did her lover lead her in? and will a song of love like ours sing something like this? The beautiful explanation: *oppugnat* me (quasi pugnatis) sub vexillo amoris is completely foreign to the text. The *banner of love* is nothing but the image of the tree, just as the Oriental *banners* say of every high weaving sign, and the *banner* also appears so often in this book. Love is not a personified abstraction, but due to the simplicity of the times, even in this book, it is so often confused with the loved object itself. So the wine bottles v. 5 are what they are and must not become Arabic root herbs. She explains the following comma immediately, by apples: d. i. the fruit of the image of her beloved. If we knew exactly which fruit we are talking about, we would perhaps see a similarity in the shape. In short, she only wants to be refreshed by her lover: she calls: *support, hold* , i.e. i. strengthen me, refresh me, so that I do not sink; not, bed me on wine bottles, apples and Arabic herbs. – If one misses the progression of the imagination, the sweetness of the whole picture is lost.] The tree that looms over her appears their increasing sweet intoxication *banner of love* . She *swims* , she *disappears* in the sea of his coolness and delight: the sweet fruit of her lover, *apple* and *wine husk* , seems to her one; " *Oh, refresh me with the wine! oh strengthen me*

with apples! 'Cause I'm sick of love. « It sinks, and what was previously an image of the tree is transformed in the dream into reality and a person:

"His left hand
under my head:
his right hand
embraces me."

Her senses melt gently under the weaving tree in the lap of nature, innocence and love.

And her lover sings the sweet *lullaby* to which all of nature celebrates. The fleeting deer, the quiet hind, float past and are afraid to rush; » *Daughters of Jerusalem, playmates, follow the example, do not wake her, do not stir her until she herself awakens.* « She sleeps in the sweetest pleasure, the dream of love. The moment is so beautiful that this apple tree will appear at the end of the book, as a souvenir of the most beautiful youth, to forever strengthen the bond made back then.

O brides of youthful innocence, love and joy, do you know anything sweeter than the time when your beloved Everything was for you, and everything in hope, in anticipation of unfelt joys? Dream it for a long time, the blessed dream of Adam and Eve in paradise: hug the beloved tree and refresh yourselves, and see the banner of love weaving in it. All of nature is still your bridal bed: everything that is green is your house, everything that rises to heaven is your portal, your crown. Could God give Adam in paradise more than this dream of future joys? and where he lives is paradise: the girl who dreams of him sleeps in innocence. Spare her, daughters of Jerusalem, do not wake her: she is still sleeping as the queen of nature, even the wild deer is in awe of her. The rush of their joy is hope! her standard is love!

My love's voice!
Behold, he is coming!
Jump over the mountains,
jump over the hills.
My dear is like a deer,
like a fleeing deer.

Look, there he is already standing
behind the wall,
looking through the railing,
blinking through the bars.
He says my dear,
He says to me:
Get up, my love,
Get up, my beautiful,
come! –

For behold, the winter is over,
the rain is over, over!
You can already see flowers on the ground,
the time for singing is here.
You can hear the voice
of the turtledove
in our hallway.

The fig tree has seasoned its figs
with sweetness.

The young grapes of the vine
already have a scent.
Get up, my love,
Get up, my beautiful,
come!

My little dove in the cracks of the rock,
in the hollow clefts of the paths,
let me see your form,
let me hear your voice,
for your voice is lovely,
for your form is beautiful.

Everyone can see that this piece has no connection with the previous one. There the girl fell asleep under the apple tree, dreaming of her lover singing her a lullaby. Here he is distant, long distant: she spent the rainy season of winter like a pigeon trapped in the cracks in the rocks; now she awakens, not spring, not a lark, *but the voice of the beloved* [Fußnote: ,] who comes from afar and brings her spring and joy.

She knows his voice from afar and it is him. He hops, he jumps over the small mountains that Palestine is full of, a hopping deer, a jumping deer. There he is already standing behind the green wall, looking through the railing, flashing through the bars like a blossoming flower, now he speaks, now he sings, listen! Everything that spring and love, garden and morning can give is in the song; but the caressing tone of the original is untranslatable.

He calls his *dove* out of the *rock cave* and lures her with all the charm and beauty of spring. Everything is there, only she is missing; also the *turtledove*, her playmate. Everything smells fragrant, blooms, sings; only *her voice* and *beautiful figure* are missing. – – And she leaves them silent, the pigeon doesn't answer. *It is apparently a single broken piece, love's first spring visit* -

And in the Orient, where spring suddenly comes [Fußnote: Hasselquist p. 261. "The new leaves emerge before the old ones have fallen off, so most of the trees have no leaf buds." ,] where, when the rainy season is over, nature awakens and often if you suddenly see a completely different world one morning, it's the truth. –

Likewise the following:

Drive us the foxes,
the little foxes,
the vineyard spoilers,
the vineyard is budding.

It is connected neither to the previous nor to the following: it is a single *scare song*, like hunting and harvesting, war and fishing songs; The pastoral life of the Orient required this scare song against the so-called *Dibs or Jackals* [Fußnote: S. Shaw's Travels, p. 155]. As is well known, these are small foxes, darker than these, which go in herds in the Orient, roam around gardens and houses every night and are very harmful to fruits, especially wine. The collector put the song here, no doubt because in the previous season the *season*, which also includes *budding vineyards*, was described as blooming. This is now the *time of business* in this song, like the one below, which stands alone:

My love is mine,
and I am his.
He feeds on flowers

until the day cools
and the shadows flee.
Turn back then, O dear one,
Be like a deer,
Like a stag in flight,
Over the mountains
that now separate us. – –

Your lover is in the business of his grazing. He grazes *among the flowers* that cover the valley and heights. Far from her; but he will *come again* , with the *coolness of the day* , with the *longer shadows*; *will jump over the mountains like a deer* , [Fußnote: "The whole area there is full of mountains and hills. There is barely a step between them. It always goes up and down.« S. *Hasselquist* p. 45. 141. 148. What a picture that gives, of the jumping deer, of the hopping deer! Grazing among *flowers* is also truth (page note 12) and not a poetry for the sake of decoration.] *that now separate them*. The song is innocent and sweet; It sings to her the time of loneliness and distance, the long, sultry hour of the day with the memory of her loved one. – And now *morning, day and evening* are celebrated; Here comes a dark *night song* , just as beautiful and individual.

In my bed I searched
the long night
for whom my soul loves -
I looked for him and did not find him.

I want to get up now,
walk around the city,
in the streets,
in the alleys,
and look for him,
whom my soul loves;
I looked for him and couldn't find him.

The guards
who walk around the city found me:

"Whom my soul loves,
did you see him?"

A little further, past them,
I found him whom my soul loves.

I have him and I don't want to leave him
until I lead him
into my mother's house,
into my birthing room. – –

Behold a night song and lament full of simplicity, action, pain and joy. What a *groping* and *searching* in the darkness *through nights and times of night!* She starts up in dreams and *cannot find him*; She can't stand it, has to get up, wander through alleys and streets and can't find him. The guards of the city, asking questions quickly, passing by without expecting an answer, are so afraid; – – and there she finally has him and doesn't want to let him go. The mother's house, the mother's chamber, should hold on to her prey and crown her nightly search - -

What a virginal scene again! It is in the mother's room where she takes him, where she searched for him in dreams, which she acquired with fear and haste under the veil of night - - she wants to hold him and never let him go. Isn't she worth it, this love? And behold, the beloved sings her the lullaby again:

I beseech you, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the hinds, by the deer of the fields,
If you wake her up!
If you stir them!
My love,
until you like it yourself! –

The song is not as good here as it was the first time, since there are probably neither hinds nor deer nor daughters of Jerusalem in her mother's room to disturb her. [Fußnote: I didn't think I needed a note of explanation for this lullaby and the oath with the deer in the field. But since I see that a new interpreter, in order to teach us taste for the Song of Songs, interprets the words like this: "Your little deer, you daughters of Jerusalem, with which you play like ours with little dogs, will die to you if you play with them wakes up -" so I have to shout, not for the sake of the deer and the dogs, for the sake of my common sense: No! When Orpheus summons Pluto in hell

by the streams, that ever flow,
by the fragrant winds, that blow
o'er th' Elysian flow'rs

he wants that the streams no longer flow and the winds no longer blow and the happy souls should no longer live in Elysium or even die? Isn't it obvious: " *As surely as they flow, as surely as they blow* ", as surely as the little deer slip in the field, slip past her like breezes in the field, and do not disturb her; so true - " In short, it is a shepherd's oath, as every class and every nation swears with its objects, and specifically with the most expensive and most beautiful ones. Now, when it comes to parables of shepherds, the people of the East like nothing more than the little deer - and isn't it obviously the deer of the *field* here , not the deer in the city of Jerusalem, "with which the housemaids, like ours, played with little dogs -" see this one and to the wine cellar note Michael, not. 127. ad Lowth, pm 596.] No doubt the collector brought it here because it is night and because he now wanted to crown their nocturnal searching and striving with sweet rest. – –

And since it is night, he follows up with even more individual night pieces that are no longer connected, like a row of beautiful beads strung on a string:

Who is there that
rises from the desert?
Like the smoke of columns,
like the scent of myrrh and frankincense,
and the delicious scent of spices.

We will see the beginning of this fragment more often; It was undoubtedly a common beginning of a song and the beginning of a new scene in the Orient, as every nation and language has the same. Here something rises from the desert, slender and light like a pillar of smoke, fragrant like myrrh and delicious frankincense; It is common for Easterners to paint the girl's appearance at night and twilight. The delicate long growth of her limbs becomes the column of smoke; They must smell beauty and love with ointments and incense.

Behold the bed, Solomon's bed!
Sixty mighty men stand around
from among the mighty Israel.
All of them with their hands on their swords,

all of them trained in war,
each of them with a sword on their hip,
the horror of the night.

King Solomon made himself a magnificent bed
out of cedars from Lebanon.
He made the pillars of silver,
the sky of gold,
the covering of purple,
the center padded with love,
for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go out and look at him,
O daughters of Zion, King
Solomon;
In the crown with which his mother crowned him.
On the day of his betrothal,
on the day of his heart's joy.

Without a doubt, the previous night scenes gave rise to the magnificent song, which also begins with *Night* and *Terror* , now follows; but in what a strange connection!

The song has three verses, the first two of which obviously match each other in their ending. The first bed is so terrible " *for the horror of the night* ," the second splendid "*for the daughters of Jerusalem* ," the third completes the king's splendor and joy of heart.

Was a marriage ever sung more worthy? The song rises from the hero's bed to the bed of love, from him to the crown of marriage and joy of the heart. In the first the king is just terrible, in the second he is envied and magnificent, in the third he is loved and blessed. The first is adorned with heroes, the second with lovers, the third Mother and the eternal friend. His mother's bridal wreath goes beyond the king's heroic glory and royal crown.

The bride does not appear here: she is not emblazoned on any throne. But immediately, as she deserves, her praise follows, not through splendor, gold and wealth, but through beauty. From now on the descriptions become bolder, because two people married by their mother love each other:

Oh beautiful you are, my love,
oh you are beautiful.

Your eyes, little doves,
on your curly hair.

Your hair is like the herd of chamois
that feeds in Gilead.

The teeth are like the flock of lambs
that rise freshly shorn from the spring,

All of which bear twins,
and not one of them is missing.

Your lips are like a purple thread,
and your speech is sweet.

Like a cut apple, your cheeks
on your curly hair.

Your neck, like David's tower,
built as a fortress of arms.
A thousand shields hang on him,
many shields of heroes.

Your two breasts,
like two twin deer,
grazing among lilies. –

And the modest, modest bride doesn't let him go any further. She interrupts his delighted description:

"Until the day cools
and the shadows flee,
I will
go there to the mountain of myrrh, to the hills of incense."

And the equally modest lover, who honors her shame and immediately feels why she wanted to escape his praise, continues yieldingly:

You are completely beautiful, O love,
there is no blame in you.
With me from Lebanon, O bride,
From Lebanon you will come with me,
You will see from the heights of Amana,
From Senir, Hermon far around,
From the dwellings of the lions,
From the mountains of the pards -

You give me courage, O my sister bride!
You encourage me with one of your looks,
with a chain around your neck.

How sweet is your love,
my sister bride!
How sweeter is your love than wine!
The fragrance of your ointments
Than all fragrance!

Your lips drip with honey, O bride!
Milk and honey are under your tongue,
The fragrance of your clothes
is like the fragrance of Lebanon.

You are a holy garden, my sister bride,
a holy spring, a sealed well,
your plants are an apple paradise
with all delicious fruit.

Nardus and crocus,
cinnamon and Kanna,
incense of all kinds.

Aloe and myrrh,
with all excellent spices.

A fountain of gardens,
A fountain of living waters,
The channels of Lebanon -

Rise, North!
And the south wind, come,
blow through my garden,
so that its spices flow. –

The modest lover, once again ending his enthusiastic praise as if she didn't understand it, keeps him at his word:

So come, my beloved,
into his garden
and eat his delicious fruit.

And he, giving in to her again:

I came into my garden,
O my sister bride!
And broke of my myrrh
and my spices,
and ate of my honey
and honeycomb,
and drank of my wine
and my milk.
Now eat, my beloved,
and drink, and get drunk, dear ones -

Thus ends this incomparable work of discipline, simplicity, love and beauty; if only I could trace a few of its main features in the spirit of Orient!

The description of the figure of his beloved is complete in images of the living nature that we are so far removed from. Most parables of this kind therefore seem to us unnatural, oriental and exaggerated; since in the Orient, on the other hand, they are almost *a specific* language, and therefore appear again in this song when the part of human beauty that they depict is mentioned. So the eyes are more than once *stupid little doves* that look out *from behind the full, beautiful curls*; the hair more than once the *herd of chamois*, the *teeth* more than once the *herd of lambs*; Nature and truth lies in the pictures! – Can the delicate hair, even in its flowing down, in the case of its beautiful locks, be described more sweetly than in the image of that shining herd that flows down the beautiful Gilead, grazing here and there, as in braids and curls? The fullness, the whiteness, the uninterrupted row, the health and shape of the teeth, [Fußnote: since the Orientals love cleanliness of the mouth and healthy breath so much; For this reason there is no better image for the teeth than the *newly washed, newly shorn* herd. I don't understand what the interpretation of a new interpreter wants to say, that the sheep come from the source and are prohibited to eat. You also don't have to ask: is there a flock of identical sheep that all have twins? etc. There are such - here in the mouth of the beloved.] Can she find a better picture in *living* nature than of the flock of newly shorn, newly washed lambs, where each mother bears twins, and none is missing, none is lacking? Who can tell me a more beautiful image of tender *lips* than the *purple thread* that breathes *sweet speech like the song of love*? and a sweeter image of the *tender* blushing *cheek* than the milk and blood juice of the torn one

pomegranate? The neck, likened to *David's towers*, has often been laughed at; But I don't know what could be more appropriate in terms of comparison? Firm and round and beautiful and graceful it stands over the breast of the royal bride; Also on it, like on the proud fortress of David, hangs the shining *spoils of victory* that a *hero* once carried and voluntarily died, overcome, the emblazoned neck jewelry. So it continues with the images down to the *twin deer grazing among the lilies*. [Fußnote: For the Easterners, the gazelle is a picture of everything tender, shy and loving. S. Bochart. Hieroz. P.I.p. 899. Hasselquist p. 564. d'Arvieux, Shaw et al. What an apt picture of the shy, quiet and silent grazer here!] As long as nature is nature, you will not find more charming, lively images from the pastoral world and the region.

This was the description of her shape and beauty. But since the demure bride broke off and didn't want any further details, and the groom, who gave in to her, took everything else together in two moves, "*You are completely beautiful, O love!*" *there is no blame in you*," and yet could not break off; what other, even more delighted description does he now make, not of her beauty, but of her *charm*, of her charm in *love and friendship*. Her clothes are fragrant, her lips drip with honey, milk and honey under her tongue, the whole of Lebanon in her garment. Spring, garden, a paradise of trees, spices, refreshments, refreshments, fruits - nothing does him enough to describe the rapture that her love grants him. He swims and floats, as it were, on all the scents and flowers, Sources and cooling systems that he names and has not yet said anything to himself. He orders the North and South to get up and stir up his garden, so that the spices flow, so that he speaks even more enthusiastically. What a Pindaric swing on the wings of nature, emotion and love! But of course you have to see the pictures in Morgenlande. What a *living spring* there is to them, a fresh *stream!* how expensive a pure *sealed one* [Fußnote: has] [Fußnote: Hasselquist 's] [Fußnote: sealed garden of Solomon, (p. 167.) the sealed well of Solomon Pocock, (T. 2. p. 63) and the sealed water spring d'Arvieux (T. 2. p. 191.) sought, and as was right, actually found. It would be good if another embassy were sent out to look for Solomon's two deer and the round cup and the heap of wheat; they would find it too.] Spring, and a *paradise* full of *scents and spices*, a holy *closed garden!* Eden still lives in your footsteps, the garden of lost love - -

And at the same time everything is so determined, so local. To this day *Gilead remains the laughing mountain full of all kinds of grazing flocks and, as it were, full of lively life*. [Fußnote: d'Arvieux T. 2. p. 238.] *Lebanon* still the height full of cedar scent, wide view, especially down to Damascus, [Fußnote: d'Arvieux T. 2. p. 325. uf Pocock T. 2. p. 152. Amana and Senir are the most beautiful sides and prospects down Lebanon.] full of wild things and fresh herbs, the fatherland of streams and springs. Since the entire passage "*Come down with me from Lebanon*," up to "*You have made me courageous, O sister*," has been so misinterpreted and badly understood, I may be granted a word of further development.

The bride is not *in* Lebanon, as if he were calling her from *the* snowy heights with his voice like a child, for she is with him, and what should she do with leopards and lionesses? He's singing it, and she just interrupted him. But since she interrupted him with a pleasure walk into the myrrh grove, into a fragrant shady forest, and his lover did not want to leave her praising and loving, he said: "With me, my love, with me ! *If you want to take a stroll, my love, there are other areas, other views*. I will lead you *down from Lebanon, from its height you shall look at Amana and Senir: I am powerful enough* to accompany you through the kingdom of lionesses and leopards. For *you make me strong: one look from you gives courage*, one turning of your necklace." And now her praise flows under the image of *Lebanon* and *Gilead*, the *garden* and the *spice*, which, as we see, is precisely her interrupting objection to the darling put his mouth down.

And so let us celebrate with one word the bride's objection, which was so misunderstood and mistreated. Beauty and charms are sweet; but a bride of

innocence, modesty and shame should be praised. When her lover, her husband, spoke only of her bosom, she turned away; Her lips full of milk and honey interrupted him. And the darling doesn't continue, from now on he only calls her *sister*, even in his rapture he only chooses parables of the *closed* spring, of the *sealed* garden, of the *holy, pure* well, as if with every word he was sparing her ear and the rose of her modesty, the most beautiful flower in the wreath of her beauty, wanted to celebrate. And there he again *Hovering on the scent of her love* for too long, does she interrupt him again, pretending she doesn't understand him? invite him to his garden. And he follows her again, saying: "That's not what he's talking about! " *He enjoyed the garden* in all its charms," but *calls on his friends and loved ones* to rejoice with him, so that he and they can enjoy their joy. – Sweet conflict of love and innocence, of male delight and female shame! gentle fabric that the hand of the most delicate artist spun and the hand of the humanitarian weaved into our nature. With the pearl of innocence, with the rose of breeding, the bridal jewelry is robbed of its best ornament, the garden of the most sacred pleasure is robbed of the most beautiful flower, and the most serene spring is clouded. –

And behold, from the very passage in the Song of Songs that she so tenderly celebrates, they have been driven away, trying to turn words of innocence into shameful ambiguities, which, according to all evidence, old and new, the Orient does not know at all, p. [Fußnote: d ' *Arvieux* T. 3. P. 163, 185, 264. Likewise *Niebuhr* et al.] not suffering at all, but spewing mud and shame in the faces of us ambiguous, civilized Europeans. What would be *the garden that the lover gets tired of and invites his playmates to?* what would he be in the feelings of the jealous, pure Orientaler? – – But why do we spoil the scene of innocence with memories of this kind? *Friends and lovers have drunk their fill: the bridegroom* vows to have his fill; Another night scene follows.

Would that I could sprinkle a few drops of dew from the lover's head as drops of oblivion on my readers, so that they would feel the excellent piece completely and alone and unmixed with previous colors and impressions!

I sleep and my heart is awake!

Voice of my lover!
He is knocking!

"Do on me, my sister, my friend,
my little dove, my pure one,
do on me."

"My dress is off;
How? should I wear it?
My feet are washed;
Should I re-stain them?" –

My dear stretched
his hand through the bars,
my insides trembled.

I quickly got up
to help him, the one I love.

My hands dripped with myrrh,
My fingers dripped with myrrh,
which ran over the bar.

I gave up to my beloved;
My dear had escaped,
disappeared -

My soul had escaped me
when he spoke to me -
I now sought him and did not find him.
I called him, but he
didn't answer me.

The guards
who circumvent the city found me.
They beat me,
they wounded me,
they stole my veil,
The Guardians of the Walls.

I conjure you, daughters of Jerusalem!
When you find him,
My Beloved,
what will you say to him? –
That I am sick of love.

"What is your lover before lovers,
you most beautiful of women!
What is your lover before lovers,
that you should swear against us like this?"

My love is white and red,
A banner of ten times thousands.

His head the finest gold,
His curls curly,
And black, like a raven.

His eyes like doves over springs,
Bathed in milk,
Swimming in abundance.

His cheeks are like flower beds,
like chests of spices.

His lips are roses,
they drip with flowing myrrh.

His hands are golden cylinders,
full of turquoise.

His belly a pure ivory,
Covered with sapphires.

His thighs are marble pillars,
founded on golden bases.

His appearance is like that of Lebanon,
exalted as a cedar tree.

His palate sweets,
and all his sweetness.

He is my love, he is my friend,
you daughters of Jerusalem.

»And where did your lover go?
You most beautiful of women!
And where did your lover turn?
We want to look for him with you.”

My dear went to his garden,
to his flowerbeds,
to graze in the gardens,
to gather roses.

My dear, I am his,
My dear, he is mine,
Who feeds among the roses. –

So the piece breaks off, and there is no doubt that there are already *several* pieces that the collector put together because there was an opportunity and a good joint. The wandering night maiden implored the daughters of Jerusalem, and when they answered and asked about the character of her lover, now was the best time for the frightened love-sick woman to mark the figure of her lover with a splendor and a longing that almost light up the night . And since those asked continue to ask questions and she doesn't want to confide anything further to them, the song returns to the pastoral songs and rose songs, where she repeats her old confession of love at the opportunity of the roses and, like a nightingale, moves away with this ending and echo. – – I must also notice again how different the scene appears compared to the previous one. There was a *king's marriage* , Gilead and Hermon, the fortress of David and all Lebanon was at command with lions and leopards. All the images were in this fullness, in this floating - a look from her could make heroes: the gold chain around her neck dragged her lover away. Here is a *country girl* sleeping alone in her hut, in the garden. The beloved comes to the bad door, where he can intervene at the latch and, like a shepherd, *anoint* the door of his beloved . [Fußnote: The original says clearly that the ointments were on the latch of the door and not on her fingers; Some translations have already expressed and understood it this way. Anointing and wreathing the door of the beloved is an old custom of the area; also common among the Greeks, of whom, it seems to me, *Guy* still cites it. See also *Leßing's* Eclog. Salom. p. 90.] He is full of dew and without shelter, wants to be let in - she slumbers, speaks between sleep and wakefulness, like a poor, pure country girl. So she gets up, she searches, she calls, the guards meet her, she summons the daughters of Jerusalem as an unknown person, and they answer her; In short, this low, garden-like and country-like quality is the soul of this excellent song. Put a queen in the gold hall and everything is gone - -

The beginning of the piece has such an extraordinary, quiet natural charm that I am unable to say anything about it. *The sleeping "but the heart is awake"* , the *voice of the lover* , the *knocking* , the *names* with which he addresses her, the *motives* of his pleading: her *hemming* , her *flirting* , the laborious *dress* , the clean *foot* - - and like him now the latch stirs and wants to open itself; how she starts, gets up, hurries, opens, unexpectedly has his hand full of myrrh, his fingers full of ointment from the silent sacrifice of his love - and he is gone, is not there, does not speak, does not answer: *"The soul had escaped me* , I was outside and not with myself, that I was

silent *when he spoke* , that I was dreaming when he knocked - "Poor girl!" you must now atone for your default with later regrets, wounds and fear.

How she deals now! how wrong she is! anxiously searching at night and wandering! until she gets to the wall and falls into the hands of the guards, who treat her as an ignoble, wound her, rob her of the veil of honor and virginal beauty - and how, overcoming everything, she hurries on, summoning the daughters of Jerusalem, only to him to say, to tell him that she was sick of love - -

And as the daughters of Jerusalem proudly and splendidly ask for signs of their beloved; what a time to praise him, to describe his figure! Now under the veil of night, feeling like I've betrayed him, insulted him; also called upon, irritated by these noble brittle people, and finally from the fullness of a lovelorn, wounded, sick heart. Then his praise flows: his figure becomes a truly magnificent image, a colossus of masculine dignity, splendor and beauty. She describes him, not as he would describe her: more his clothes than him; more its appearance than its charms. Reverence and discipline have as much part in their song as longing and love. I only repeat that this figure seems to me to contrast with the country scene of the Night Song: both seem to be bound only by the collector.

Her lover is *white and red* , *recognizable among tens of thousands* , as if he were waving banners among them. *His head is fine gold*: she loses, as it were, the features of his face under the decoration of the turban, which distinguishes him and is generally a symbol of male dignity, as well as a distinction of status and honor among Easterners. *His curls are curly and raven black*: full of the strength of youth and character. *His eyes are depicted as doves* in a way they have never been before, and it is obvious that the comparison is not about the eyes of the doves, but rather about their entire image, as they swim in fullness over the spring *and are in brightness to bathe in water*; These eyes are so animated, so swimming and active, so full of shyness and innocence. Isn't it far beyond what the later Easterners say through the look of the gazelle? *His cheeks are rising railings of flowers* and (if I may use the expression) apothecary jars full of *delicious spices* . And his *hands are golden cylinders*. [Fußnote: I just don't believe that the fingers have to be colored with *Al-Henna* to be *golden cylinders for the bride*; His head also and his foot are *gold* , and everything about him is gold, covered with jewelry and rings. *d'Arvieux*, *Niebuhr* and others have shown how much the Oriental women love gold jewelry and metal decorations . noticed; it is also evident in this description. Incidentally, for the pieces of this clothing, see *d'Arvieux* T. 3. p. 241. 163. and f. and *Niebuhr* T. 1. p. 159. and f.] with rings and bracelets. And his *belly was delicate ivory, adorned with sapphires* in the belt and dagger decorations. And *his thighs are marble pillars, on a golden base* - where again strength and solidity with Jewelry and splendor become one in the Oriental way. And what a picture when his whole face becomes a *Libanus* ! its *growth* is an exquisite everlasting *cedar*! And his *palate* is sweets, his *lips* are real roses (not just roses in the picture) and *he is all loveliness* , all *lust and love* . – – Take together how the artist's soul of the lover trains her lover and presents him, as it were, as a solid, eternal pillar of honor, and think of it in the customs of the Orient, which on the one hand is so much about splendor and jewelry, diadem and gold jewelry who loves concealment in others, the concealment of dignity in men, the concealment of discipline in women. He stands as a hero and king, only his face and hands are uncovered, and those too are covered with wealth. Clothing and figure are royal in the Orient - - an image of man's honor and dignity.

Since we have already explained the garden and rose songs, let us move on; and behold, their praise is repaid with praise:

You are beautiful, my friend,
as beautiful as Thirzah,

as lovely as Jerusalem,
as fearsome as an army.

Turn your eyes away
from me,
you are more powerful than me.

Your hair is like the herd of chamois
that feeds in Gilead.

The teeth like the flock of lambs
that rise from the spring,
all of which bear twins,
and not one of them is missing.

Like a scratch on a pomegranate on your cheek,
on your curly hair.

Sixty are queens,
and eighty are prostitutes,
and virgins without number;

One who is my dove,
my pure one,
she, her mother's one,
she, her mother's favorite.

They saw the daughters
and called them blessed;
The queens
and lovers
praised her.

It's good that we've already explained most of the features of this song; it's high praise for the previous poor night scene. Compared with the royal cities of Judea, the *beautiful Thirzah*, the *lovely Jerusalem*, she is at the same time *terrible*, like *armies*: he can see her nicht ertragen. Und doch wieder, wie *lieblich* mit Haar, Munde, Wangen! Und abermals wie *prächtigt*! die Einige unter Königinnen, Buhlerinnen und unzähligen Jungfrauen! Und aufs neue wie lieblich! sie die reine Taube; ihrer Mutter Einzige, Liebste! Keine Königin und Buhlerin vermag sie zu beneiden; alle müssen sie glücklich preisen und lieben. – – Das Stück hatte schon prächtige, kriegerischkönigliche Züge; es ist aber nur Anklang gegen das, was folgt, und was ich beinah für den Gipfel des Buchs halte:

Wer ist, die aufglänzt wie das Morgenrot?
Lieblich wie der Mond,
Rein wie die Sonne,
Furchtbar wie ein Kriegesheer?

»Zum Nußgarten war ich gängen,
Nach den Früchten im Tal zu sehn;
Zu sehn, ob schon der Weinstock knospe,
Ob schon die Äpfel blühn?

Und wußte nicht, daß meine Seele
Mich gesetzt zum Kriegeswagen

Meines edlen Volks.«

Kehr um, kehr um, o Sulamith!
Kehr um, kehr um,
Wir wollen dich schaun!

»Was wollet ihr schaun an Sulamith?«

Den Tanz der Gottesheere.

Wie schön sind deine Tritte in den Schuhn,
Du Tochter des Edlen!
Die Schwingungen deiner Hüften sind
Wie Kettenwerk, geschlungen von Meistershand.

Dein Nabel ein runder Becher,
Dem's nimmer an Maß gebricht.

Dein Bauch ein Weizenhügel,
Umpflanzt mit Rosen.

Deine zwei Brüste wie zwei Rehchen,
Die Einer Mutter Zwillinge sind.

Dein Hals ein Turm von Helfenbein.
Deine Augen Teiche zu Hesbon,
Am Tore der Fürstentöchter.

Deine Nase wie das Schloß auf Libanon,
Das gen Damaskus schaut.

Dein Haupt auf dir, wie der Karmel.
Das Haar deines Hauptes, wie Purpur,
Ein geflochtener Königsbund.

Wie schön bist du,
Und wie so lieblich bist du,
O Liebe, in der Lust!

Deine Höhe
Ist gleich dem Palmenbaum,
Und deine Brüste den Trauben.

Ich sprach: »ich klimm' auf den Palmenbaum!
Ich erfasse seine Zweige.
Deine Brüste sollen mir Trauben sein,
Und deines Atems Duft
Wie Äpfelduft,
Und koste deinen Gaumen
Wie guten Wein –«

»Der einschleicht meinem Lieben
Süß hinein,
Und schlummert die Lippen ihm
Säuselnd zu.

Ja ich bin meines Lieben,
Und seine Lust zu mir;
Komm, mein Geliebter,
Wir wollen aufs Land,
Auf Dörfern wohnen,
Und früh dann aufstehn,
In den Weinberg gehn,
Sehn, ob der Weinstock blühe?
Ob seine Trauben sich auftun?
Ob die Äpfel blühn?

Da will ich dir
All meine Liebe geben!

Die Blumen der Liebe duften schon,
Und über unsrer Tür
Ist allerlei Schönes,
Neues und alt,
Mein Lieber, ich barg es dir.

Wer gibt mir dich
Zum Bruder mir?
Der meiner Mutter
Brüste gesogen.

Ich fände dich draußen
Und küßte dich,
Und keiner verachtete mich.

Ich wollt dich führen,
Ich wollt dich bringen
In meiner Mutter Haus.

Du solltest mich lehren,
Ich würde dich tränken
Mit Trank, den ich bereitet,
Mit Most von meinem Baum.

Seine Linke
Mir unterm Haupt,
Und seine Rechte
Umfaßt mich.«

»Ich beschwör' euch, Töchter Jerusalem,
Wenn ihr sie weckt!
Wenn ihr sie regt, die Liebe!
Bis es ihr gefällt!«

Ich will zuerst die Verbindung und den Gang des ganzen Gesanges zeigen; in ihm liegen die meisten Reize.

Es wird ausdrücklich eine *neue Szene* angekündigt, mit dem bekannten Anfange: »*wer ist die, die aufsteigt?*« Hier aber gehet sie nicht als Dämmerung, als süßer Rauch auf, sondern *schön wie die Sonne, Mond, Aurora*. Der Strahl der Morgenröte bricht an, es wird Mond, es wird Sonne, es wird ein blinkendes furchtbares Kriegsheer.

Sie erscheint also in aller *Pracht der Liebe*; aber wie? wozu? – Zuerst singend. Sie singet das Schäferlied »zum Nußgarten war ich gegangen«, erinnert sich ihrer vorigen Landeinfalt, ihres stillen, ruhigen Lebens, als sie die Natur gepflegt, gewartet, geliebt und nicht weiter gedacht; damals nicht gewußt habe, daß *ihre Seele*, d. i. ihr Mut und Genius *sie zu der Würde bestimmt habe*, in der sie jetzt erscheint. Da sie *kriegerisch* aufging und vom bewillkommenden Gesange mit einem furchtbaren *Kriegsheer* verglichen wurde: so nennt sie auch diese Würde kriegerisch, den *Rüstwagen* ihres *edlen willigen Volks*, und der Ausdruck wird uns aus der Geschichte Salomons und der Sprache der Hebräer überhaupt verständlich. *Roß und Wagen Israels* sind ein gewöhnlicher Ausdruck für Kriegsmacht, Schutz und Schirm, heldenmäßige Bedeckung. [Fußnote: Ps. 20, 8. Es. 31, 1.] Das wollte Gott seinem Volk sein, das war Elias, wie sein Jünger ihm nachrief, gewesen; [Fußnote: 2 Kön. 2, 11. 12.] so nennet sie sich jetzt mit dem veredelnden Ausdruck, daß sie es nur über ein *freies edles Volk* sei. Die Geschichte Salomons sagt uns, daß er die Israeliten nicht zu Knechten gemacht, sondern sie »*Kriegsleute und seine Diener und Fürsten und Ritter und Aufseher über seine Knechte und Wagen*« sein lassen; [Fußnote: 1 Kön. 9, 22. 2 Chron. 8, 9.] ; wird der liebende König in diese Anordnungen nicht auch seine Liebe gemischt haben? Es heißt von ihm: [Fußnote: 1 Kön. 10, 26.] »*er herrschte weit umher, und hatte Friede, daß jeder in Israel unter seinem Weinstock und Feigenbaum sicher wohnte*«, und doch »*brachte er zu Hauf Wagen und Reuter, daß er hatte tausend und vierhundert Wagen und zwölftausend Reuter, und ließ sie in den Wagenstädten und zu Jerusalem*« ein furchtbar Kriegsheer! Konnte also auch der Ausdruck seiner Lieder ohne diese Spuren bleiben? Mußte seine Königin und Liebe nicht auch in diese Prachtspiele gemischt sein? und wie natürlich, daß sie nun an ihre vorige Ruhe und Landeinfalt denket! Kurz, es ist etwas Ähnliches jenem prächtigen prophetischen Psalme: [Fußnote: Ps. 110, 3. Wir werden über den streitigen Ausdruck (Amminadib) einmal bei Gelegenheit dieses edeln Siegespsalmes reden.]

Dein Volk, die Edlen, sind mit dir
Am Tage des Siegs
In festlichen Kleidern,
Wie aus der Mutter der Morgenröte
Glänzender Tau –

sie erscheint als eine Deborah, in *königlicher Kriegssprache*.

Der Aufzug verändert sich und wird *Tanz*, Tanz wie der *Reigen der Engel*, der *himmlischen Kriegsheere*: mir ist kein Lied bekannt, wo der Tanz so veredelt, so idealisiert wäre. Der Chor ruft ihr zu, *daß sie sich wende*, sich ihnen wieder zuwende und *schaun lasse*. »*Was wollet ihr schaun an Sulamith?*« antwortet sie im Schwunge der Kunst. »*Den Tanz der Mahanaim!*« singet der Chor zurück, und es erschallet ein Freudenlied, wo jeder Zug nur aus diesem Bilde Leben und Bewegung hernimmt, oder er stünde tot da.

Freilich sind wir auch hier in anderer Welt. Wir denken vom Tanz anders, und mögen von dem unsern Recht oder Unrecht haben; genug die Morgenländer in den frühesten Zeiten der Unschuld dachten anders. Ihnen waren die Engel, die Sterne, ein *jauchzendes tanzendes Siegsheer* [Fußnote: Ps. 68, 18. Hiob 38, 7.] um den Thron des Allerhöchsten. Chor und Gegenchor, *Mahanaim*, feierten ihn im ewigen Liede, und auch unter Menschen war Tanz, wie Gesang, in den ersten Zeiten *heilig*. Das Siegslied am roten Meere erschallte [Fußnote: 2 Mos. 15, 20. 21. Richt. 5, 1. 1 Sam. 18, 7. 2 Sam. 6, 5. 14.] unter Chören der Weiber, mit Pauken im Reigentanze, das Siegslied der Deborah trägt davon gleiche Spuren: und daß auch dieser Tanz nicht weich und wollüstig sei, deshalb ist er so prächtig und kriegerisch eingeleitet worden.

Und so sind seine Bilder. Im *Tritt*, im stolzen Tritt in *ihren Schuhen* erscheint sie eine *Tochter des Edeln*,

vera incessu patuit Dea!

The *twists* and *swings of her hips* are a Theseian dance, a fabric of Ariadne; *Chainwork*, *artificially looped by the master's hands*. *Her navel swells like a round cup that never lacks mixture*, that always keeps balance, never bubbles up, never longs, floating in sweet fullness, like the crown of the cup. *Her belly is a hill of wheat* that gently rises and swells, and the zephyr in its ears waves, and the *roses* of the clothes, the beautiful, wide robe, *float around*. And the *deer graze* quietly and veiled beneath the lilies of their bosom. And the *neck* stands proud and stands firm: a *tower of ivory*. And the *eyes swim* like *Heshbon's pools* before the most beautiful gate, where the daughters of the nobles walk. And *the nose* stands out, beautiful and proud like the *building of pleasure*. [Fußnote: This is not a tower, not a tower in wait on Lebanon, lying in wait for Damascus; that wouldn't be a nice picture of this member. Rather, it is Solomon's pleasure building with a beautiful view of Damascus. And since Solomon cultivated lower Lebanon (1 Kings 9, 19) and he himself invited the bride to this beautiful view (Chapter 4, 8), there is no doubt that the picture is incomparably more beautiful. A *Solomon's castle* is still shown in this area (S. d'Arvieux T. 2. p. 355. and Pocock p. 154. 155.) which, at least as a tradition, points us back to older times.], on one of the heights of Lebanon, which has the most cheerful view down the valley to Damascus and across the sea. And she bears her *head*, proud and joyful like Mount Carmel, the most joyous mountain in Judea and, as it were, the head among its mountains. And the *hair* is twisted like a *purple snail*, *braided like a royal turban*; the diadem of the entire noble figure, its royal stature and step, the resplendent oneCrown! – Anyone who can describe the decency of a female figure in a noble, magnificent dance more splendidly may try – –

Of course, these images also lose a lot for us with the language, regions and customs of the East. The cup in its abundance was to them the image of all abundance, happiness and bliss, just as the thirsty cup was the sign of distress, sadness and poverty. So they were used to asking whether the cup would overflow? fed up or hungry? and this becomes a symbol of the finest measure and balance in the most joyful movement. The poco piu and poco meno cannot find a more vivid image from the world of pleasure and joy. We are almost ashamed to mention the nose, the part of the face that gives stability and coherence to the whole; The Easterners often called it, and since the castle with a beautiful view to which it is here compared was precisely *Solomon's building*, the parable had all the charms of the king's novelty and imagination. "Your head, like Carmel," [Fußnote: The cheerful Carmel first caught Pocock's eye from a distance. T. 2. S. 4.] seems colossal; but since it says here: "Your head is upon you, like Carmel" d. i. you wear it so sublimely and cheerfully, as those funny mountains that you first see from afar look like, so the exaggerated disappears. » *The eye pools of Heshbon, where the daughters of the nobles walk*. « To those from the East, the ponds and springs are eyes of the earth, bubbling life, swelling soul; and aren't they? Isn't a beautiful region without water what a face without an eye? The *Royal League* finally the crown of everything. It is known that the Easterners distinguish their classes in the shape and structure of the turban, and so the coils of the purple snail in their hair are the highest of all here. Put the images and forms into motion that are right for her and it becomes a dancing goddess.

Just as dance invites you to lust and love, so does singing. He sees her growth under the sweet image of the palm tree, embraces her completely and becomes so intimate that the bride herself seals her lust-drunk lip to him in the sweet way of

innocence. Just as his song clings to the breath of love and sucks and tastes sweet nectar - the bride continues:

Sweet nectar that
gently creeps into the loved one,
sweetly enters you, and the lip
makes speeches in your sleep -

What can all the Katons say that isn't said infinitely sweeter here, as she closes his lips with a pressure of the finger of love. "Be silent, friend, it is the enjoyment of the sanctuary of love, you speak in your sleep."

And as she continues: "Yes, beloved, I am my lover's, and his desire is for me; but come out. There is no ear here that can bear your words. There in the dwellings of simplicity, where nature still appears pure and undisguised, there is now the spring time of love. There The flower of the tree and the young bud of the vine bloom with us. Among them, early, when everything is still asleep and only the flowers of love smell for us;

There, dearest, I want
to be yours with all my love. —

And they already smelled like the Dudaim: [Fußnote: After everything that has been said about the Dudaim, one still has to say with Luther: "Do you go and ask yourself what *Dudaim* is?" And then it seems to me that we are following the general legend and Don't let the fact that Reuben found them in the wheat harvest deter you. He found her to be a latecomer, a rarity; If it had still been her time of prosperity, she would have been able to find Rahel herself. It is precisely in our place that their early age and their strong scent are sufficiently noted.] she sees the door of her hut rustically decorated with fruits and flowers [Fußnote: S. *Hasselquist* p. 125.] and crowned. Her hut doesn't lack anything, she doesn't want to miss her darling either, she has saved up some beautiful fruits from last year for him, in short, she finds herself completely immersed in the simplicity and sweetness of country life -

Not enough yet. She wants to make her love even more innocent, more like *sister* and *brother love* .

Oh, that you are not my brother!
And kissed a mother's breast with me,
so that if only I could find you,
I could kiss you,
and no one would mock me,
even though it was sin.

I wanted to embrace you, envelop you,
and lead you
into my mother's house.
You beckoned to me,
I would bring you
the drink that I prepared,
the must from my tree.

And his left hand
under my head:
and his right hand
embraces me -

Who is the moral judge who would ever have thought the love of chaste married couples to be more paradisiacal? Where is the heart that does not sing to the sweet sister dove for the third time the song of slumbering love:

I beseech you, daughters of Jerusalem,
do not wake them!
Don't move her!
Until she wakes up herself

And in this blameless place let us look again at the previous *palm tree* and the *dudaim of love*. To those from the East, that tree was the most beautiful symbol of married love in terms of its growth and blossom, its fertility and sweetness of grapes, juice and fruits. This is about the sweet wine that is supposed to enter your friend so gently and lull him into a drunken sleep. Palm honey [Fußnote: *Shaw* p. 128.] still the most beautiful gift in the East and the hospitality at wedding celebrations. Also, in the use of the palm tree, the growth of the palm tree, its branches, its grapes, the sweet breath of the strengthening fruit, and finally the nectar that creeps in and ends with chattering slumber, are treated so delicately that I am almost ashamed of the monster that has something of it would find offensive or indecent. Take the opposite of everything and see what human nature is? Let the flying royal step of the beloved sink to the sickly beggarly gravity: let it come to this point that the greatest artist's clasp turns with difficulty, the deer flee from their summit and the ponds of Heshbon become cloudy: Lebanon's castle lies in the mud, and the once cheerful Carmel stands naked and tottering: the round cup lacks drink, and the slender palm tree is a thorn bush - you Pharisees, you Catons, is humanity now better, happier, nobler? Is not the sweetest nectar of paradise created to be enjoyed seasoned with innocence and sisterly love? O nature, nature, you holy and desecrated temple of God! where you are most desecrated, where you are kept most pure, and most beautifully cared for, where you celebrate in huts of innocence and country simplicity with the blossom of the tree and the innocent bud of the vine. When your guardian, the youngest of the Charitable Sisters, shame in rose robes, will be banished from all circles of taste, Pharisee wealth and love of the indecently beautiful, she who is always there. What is least recognized is where it lives most deeply and is sought and placed there, where its last trace is; Innocent nature, holy temple of God, you will stand there, wherever this field dove lures and beckons its lover, in the lap of simplicity and poverty.

Who is there that rises
up from the desert?
Leaning on her lover.

The beginning of the song comes again for the third time, but quieter. She no longer comes like a pillar of incense, not like Aurora, moon, sun and army; she walks quietly on her friend's arm.

I woke you up under the apple tree .
Then your mother gave birth to you,
and the one who gave birth to you gave birth.

»Imprint a seal on your heart,
a seal on your arm!
For love is strong, like death;
Her zeal hard as hell.

Your coals glowing coals,
flame of the Lord.

Let not much water quench love from them,
nor let the streams drown them.
And if a man gave up his house and property for love;
They scorn him, they despise him.

Behold, a conversation of marital fidelity. Perhaps the beloved, *leaning on his arm*, expressed concern about the duration of his love; and behold, they come *to the tree where he first woke them up*, the sweet memory of their youthful love and first emotion. The old covenant is renewed and by the holy name *of the mother who gave birth to her here with pain*, who raised her as her own and married her to him, by him and this *tree* that gave her to him, the covenant is invoked. It is as if they wanted to bring their children here, to show them often this sanctuary of their mother's birth, and of their first love and their eternal covenant; and there, hanging on his arm, she answers:

Put me a seal on your heart,
a seal on your arm - -

and the song that follows would like to be called Seal of Love for the whole book. *Death and hell, fire and lightning, streams and water, house and property* come together, the strength to prove the eternity of love. It *holds fast* like death, *embraces* like the grave, *it glows deeply, it flames high*: no enemy, no obstacle can erase it, it overcomes resistance and danger. Where it is, it is omnipotent, and where it is not, it cannot be forced, cannot be bought; Wealth and treasure are despised around them - - I almost wanted the book to close with this divine seal.

It's also as good as closed; because what follows seems to me to be just an added aftertaste, so nothing would be lost in this way. It is a meaningful and proud *conversation between a sister and her brothers*.

One says:

Our sister is still small,
only her breasts are still budding;
What will we do to our sister
if she is wooed?

The second:

If it is a wall,
let us build
a silver palace on it.
If it is a gate,
let us guard it
with cedar wood.

The sister:

Yes, I am a wall,
and my breasts are towers.
There I was in his eyes,
like one who found peace.

I diligently leave the translation in its mysterious oriental twilight so that the rays of enlightenment may be more pleasant. Apparently it is a consultation between older wise brothers about the security of their sister's honor as she grows up. The consultation is a bit early and the advice itself is a bit wooden. The brother answers: *is it a wall* , i.e. i. If she holds fast and secures her honor, she shall be rewarded/become. *They are supposed to be adorned with silver lace* , finery and jewels. *But if it were a gate* (which is not a wall), we would have to enclose it; (*they solidify with cedar planks*) - - the usual way of the Orient to ensure loyalty and chastity. – Indignant at this, the sister breaks out: “ *I am a wall* and not a gate; I am also not allowed to use your towers and fortifications, *my breasts are towers* , my breasts give me security and protection: yes, not just security after battle; but victory and peace at the first sight. Let the enemy appear before the wall; at the first sight of the peaks he should withdraw and give peace to the city: d. i. My person itself should inspire him with awe, that I remain in peace - - I have no need of your advice and your confinement.” The fact that this is infallibly the meaning is shown by the following little story, which the girl adds to them in mockery:

Solomon had a vineyard
in Baal Hamon.
He appointed guardians of the vineyard,
so that each one would bring him a thousand pieces of silver for its fruits
.

My vineyard is
before me:
the thousand will go to Solomon,
and those who keep the fruit for him
will have two hundred left.

Apparently a *mockery* of *what comes out of guarding and truth* . The king gets what he stipulates, and everyone takes his own as the guardian's wages. She maintains, she says, *her vineyard herself* , so she is not cheated and is not allowed to pay any guardian's wages.

Is this how the beautiful fairy tale has been understood so far? I don't know; At least I couldn't find it anywhere. But I don't want to argue about it, "otherwise an old rabbi could have said it again" - in short, it seems to me that this is its clear meaning, and the meaning is beautiful and, in the tone of the Orient, rich in meaning. It is known that they love such an enigmatic language of humor in pictures, parables and examples, and I dare to say that this is one of the most beautiful pieces of the kind that has come down to us from Hebrew antiquity. Precisely because of this and because Solomon's name and vineyard. Without a doubt [Fußnote: , *Baal-Hamon*] [Fußnote: was one of Solomon's favorite remote areas to cultivate. And since *Balbeck* still has a *Hama* in a fertile area that the common man calls *Aman* (*Arvieux* T. 2. p. 360.) then perhaps this is *Baal-Hamon* .] appears in it, the passage probably became an appendix to the Song of Songs for him. But it could also serve as a small addition to the great king's treasury, as well as in housekeeping and probably also in love. - - The moral in it is: "true breeding, beauty and honor protects itself. It needs no brackets, bulwarks, guardians and towers, just as these do not replace it or are of use to it" and this moral is girlish and youthfully dressed - -

The following is a *fragment of a conversation*:

You dweller of the gardens,
the playmates listen to your voice,

let me hear them - -

"Flee, my love, like the deer,
the young stag on the fragrant hill - -"

and that's it. Either the collector didn't want to let anything get lost and also included this little *duo* ; or it should indicate something more, as we are about to examine. Apparently it is the voice of a young lover who wants to hear the voice of this nightingale; but she beckons him to flee, like a deer on fragrant mountains - and so the book fades away - -

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